

The Best Offense

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Summary: The Women of Prime Time get lessons in self-defense from the master.

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> Disclaimers: The Xena, X-Files, Scarecrow & Mrs. King, Remington Steele, Highlander, Forever Knight, Moonlighting & _Lois & Clark_ characters do not belong to me. And though I could not do as much damage to them as their rightful owners often did, no harm is intended by this piece of fiction -- so don't sue me unless you want to end up with my student loan debts.

Â Â Â Â Â "Welcome, ladies. Please take a seat anywhere on the mat and get comfortable." She slowly paced the front of the room and waited as everyone found someplace to sit, "Very well, my name is Xena and I will be your instructor."

Â Â Â Â Â Hands clasped behind her back, she began pacing around the small studio, "I assume everyone knows why we are here, eh?" She looked around at the room full of nodding heads, "Good. Then someone please share the objective we are here to attain," Xena looked around for a volunteer, "You," She pointed, "In the pink shirt, what's your name?"

Â Â Â Â Â "Amanda King."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Ok, Ms. King--"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "_Mrs._ King." Amanda corrected.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ Xena arched her eyebrow, "Very well, _Mrs._ King, why are we here?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Ma'am, to learn self-defense."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Very good, Mrs. King." She scanned the room for her next victim, "But why?" She stopped, "Blue shirt, back row."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ The confident brunette against the back wall looked up, "To keep from being kidnapped before the first commercial break." She answered.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Your name is?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Lois Lane, Daily Planet."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Not entirely untrue, Ms. Lane, but not the answer I was looking for either." Xena looked around the room again. "You, in the grey tank top, what's your name?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Tessa Noel," The tall blond answered.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Ms. Noel, do you have a slightly more complete answer than Ms. Lane?" Xena crossed her arms and leaned against the side wall.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "We are here to learn self-defense in order to keep from being used as pawns on our shows." Tessa answered as she tucked her legs underneath herself.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "And why do you not want to be used as pawns on your shows?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ A blond in the center of the room chuckled, "Like Lois said, so we don't get grabbed in the teaser."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Name please." Xena insisted as she retraced her steps along the front of the room.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Maddie Hayes," The blond said confidently.

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "But as long as you're rescued by the end of the show--or hell, even the season, what difference does it make if you are kidnapped?" Xena looked at the serious-looking red head at the front of the room, "You are?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Agent Dana Scully, FBI."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "The answer, Agent Scully?"

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Getting kidnapped is extremely counter-productive. If you are kidnapped then you can't help solve the case." She winced adding, "Besides, depending on who kidnaps you, you could have a really messed up season."

^ ^ ^ ^ ^ "Sure," Xena continued, "But so what? You've all got

leading men who can solve it and rescue you," All of the women in the room groaned in unison, "So why are you here?" Pointing to the brunette in the center of the room, "Your name?"

~~~~~ "Lt. Rita Lee Lance Lorenzo, Palm Beach PD."

~~~~~ "OK, Lt. Lorenzo, what's wrong with letting your leading men rescue you?"

~~~~~ Rita sighed, "Nothing is wrong with it, per se. But having to be rescued by your leading man undermines the competence and authority of the leading lady."

~~~~~ Xena shrugged, "Not untrue, but not the answer, either. You. Name?" She pointed to a petite woman sitting next to Lt. Lorenzo.

~~~~~ "Laura Holt...Steele." She flustered, "Holt-Steele. Laura Holt-Steele."

~~~~~ "Alright Ms. Holt-Steele, do you know the answer?"

~~~~~ "Well, aside from the fact that nobody actually likes being kidnapped," Laura's eyes flashed, "If we are tied up somewhere while our leading men are trying to solve the case and rescue us, then we might as well still be in the 50's."

~~~~~ Xena smiled, "We're getting close, ladies." She began pacing again, "And why would it be better to be a leading lady in the 90's than it was in the 50's? You, with the tonytail?" She nodded her head, "Name?"

~~~~~ "Natalie Lambert, Medical Examiner."

~~~~~ "Dr. Lambert, do you have any idea what the answer is?"

~~~~~ "Well, aside from the blatant sexism of the 1950's, not that we are really that much better off now," She muttered quickly, to a chorus of nodding heads around her, "But," She stopped and glanced around quickly, "Why in the hell should the guys get all the fun?"

~~~~~ The room broke out in applause and hollars as Xena moved back into her spot in the front of the room and smiled, "Why, indeed?" Scanning the faces briefly, she said, "So you are all here to learn how to what, then?"

~~~~~ "\*\*\*Kick some ass!\*" The room thundered with the sound of excited women.

~~~~~ Xena nodded and smiled. "Then let's get to work."

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